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So equal portion'd did those virtues blend,
You saw a master, or you found a friend.
If Virtue's child he would thy sorrows heal;
But pride and folly shrunk before O'Neil:
For Nature, to befit him for each part,
Gave angel goodness, and a hero's heart;
The one to aid, the other to reprove,
Both to o'erawe, or gain esteem and love.
He claim'd no title from his ancient blood,
But rear'd this great one!—"He was wise and good;"
For well he knew that folly would efface
The well gain'd honours of an ancient race;
So from his fathers he disdain'd to shine,
And added lustre to a princely line.
No humble lot could not his merits hide,
They all bespoke how high he was allied,
With Virtue's aid, birth oft itself reveals,
As Douglas' blood, so flow'd this true O'Neil's.
So purely too, that all the world might scan,
Tyrone's* descendant in an humble man:
Who lived retir'd where his great fathers reign'd
(And thank'd his God that he had so ordain'd)
Shed their pure blood against their country's foes,
Ere upstart lords in tinsel state arose.

Thy hills, O Ulster, and thy fertile plains,
Thy warlike chiefs, and thy undaunted swains,
Once own'd the sway his mighty fathers held
By fame in arms, and country's love impell'd,
Drove from our shores the fierce invading Dane,
And laid in dust the shameful foreign chain.
In ruder days thus shone his sires in arms;
But Peace for him spread forth her golden charms;
And yonder vale where gentle Banna flows,
He made the seat of friendship and repose.
His gen'rous soul, and hospitable door
Were always open to the guiltless poor;
And here the friend of learning too, might find
A cheerful welcome, and a kindred mind.
Or did the gay one, in some lucky hour,
To his fair cot retreat from storm or shower,
He found a man by nature form'd to please,
Of noble aspect, and a graceful ease;
A gentle welcome and a cheerful smile,
And all the courtier but his baneful wile;
What more *he was* deserves a nobler lay;
And what *he is* let hosts of angels say.

R. D.

*He was the lineal descendant of the O'Neils, earls of Tyrone.

ON A WATCH RIBBON,

RECEIVED FROM MISSES J. A. AND J. S. OF CARRICKFERGUS.

OH, time! fell murderer of the human race,
Whose scythe, unsparing, cuts without regret,
Who takest from memory each dearest trace,
And from the heart restrainst the vital beat.

This little gift reminds me of thy pow'r,
As every moment I thy flight perceive;
By it I mark the tedious, lin'gring hour,
When for my absent friends I vainly grive.

But time may wield his threat'ning sword in vain,
He cannot drive the donors from my heart,
The two dear givers and the gift remain,
And from remembrance never can depart.
Still will I kiss the trifle for their sake,
Assur'd that time our friendship cannot break.

His Majesty's ship L'Argus, J. P.
Cork, Nov. 15, 1808.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE fairest harbinger of spring,
Yon Primrose yields its mild perfume,
And foster'd by the vernal shower,
In nature's simple beauty bloom.

But should some cold and win'try blast
Succeed the warmth of April skies,
Behold this lovely child of Spring
'Midst sedges dark neglected dies.

Ye fair, whose very smiles are love,
The Moral of my lay attend;
When cold Indifference shades your brows,
Your beauties fade, your triumphs end:

And like yon fair, but hapless flow'r,
Doom'd to forgetfulness a prey,
'Midst dreary woods, and lonely fields,
Life's tedious moments roll away.

While youth and beauty lend their charms
These happy gifts with care improve;
Though beauty first attracts our eyes,
Your smiles alone secure our love.

Dungannon. WILLIAM.

TO MISS MARGARET A.***

OF CARRICKFERGUS, ON PERCEIVING HER LOOK THOUGHTFUL.

SAY, Peggy, why sits meditation,
On that cheerful beauteous brow?
Care might choose some other station,
Sweeter studies claim thee now.

With thee I ne'er could use deceit,
Nor flatter, even though inclin'd,
Thy outward beauties though so great,
Are far exceeded by thy mind.

Dare melancholy then, her seat
E'er fix in that attractive face?
Where Cupid makes his sly retreat,
And points his bow to every place.

Too oft the urchin's power I feel,
Whene'er I cast my eyes on thee,
And still cannot my hopes reveal,
But frequent struggle to be free.

The useless efforts now are o'er,
The language of my eyes can tell,
Against thy power I'll fight no more,
But sigh, and feel—I love too well.
His Majesty's ship L'Argus, J. P.
Cork, Nov. 18, 1808.

SELECT POETRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC, BY THE LATE DOCTOR CARLYLE.

THOSE dear abodes which once contained the fair,
Amidst Mitala's wilds I seek in vain,
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there,
But scattered ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals, that once Rayana graced,
Their course neglected and their waters gone,
Among the levelled sands are dimly traced,
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

Rayana, say, how many a tedious year,
Its hallowed circle o'er our heads hath roll'd,
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear,
And fondly listened to the tale I told?

How oft, since there, the star of Spring that pours
A never-failing stream, hath drenched thy head?
How oft, the Summer's cloud in copious showers,
Or gentle drops its genial influence shed?

How oft, since there, the hovering mist of morn,
Hath caused thy locks with glittering gems to glow,
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne,
To fall responsive to the breeze below?

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
Now clothe those meadows once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lonely vale,
The teeming antelope and ostrich stray:

The large-eyed mother of the herd, that flies
Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat,
Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies,
Strength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet.

Save where the swelling stream hath swept those walls,
And given their deep foundations to the light,
(As the retouching pencil that recalls,
A long lost picture to the raptured sight.)

Save where the rains have washed the gathered sands,
And bared the scanty fragments to our view,
(As the dust* sprinkled on a punctured hand,
Bids the faint tints resume their azure hue.)

No mossy record of those once loved seats,
Points out the mansion to inquiring eyes,
No tottering wall, in echoing sounds repeats,
Our mournful questions, and our bursting sighs!

Yet midst those ruin'd heaps—that naked plain,
Can faithful Memory former scenes restore,
Recall the busy throng, the jocund train,
And picture all that charmed us there before.

Ne'er shall my heart the fatal morn forget,
That bore the fair ones from these seats so dear,
I see, I see, the crowding litters yet,
And yet the tent-poles rattle in my ear.

I see the maids with timid steps ascend,
The streamers wave in all their painted pride,
The floating curtains every fold extend,
And vainly strive the charms within to hide.

What graceful forms those envious folds enclose!
What melting glances through those curtains play!
Sure Weira's antelopes, or Tudah's roes,
Through yonder veils their sportive young survey.

The band moved on—to trace their steps I strove,
I saw them urge the camels' hastening flight,
Till the white vapour, like a rising grove,
Snatched them for ever from my aching sight.

Nor since that morn have I Nawara seen
The bands are burst, which held us once so fast,
Memory but tells me that such things have been,
And sad Reflection adds, that they are past.

* It is a custom with the Arabian women, in order to give the veins of their hands and arms a more brilliant appearance, to make slight punctures along them, and to rub into the incisions a blue powder, which they renew occasionally as it happens to wear out.